Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he sends you this good news:
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, must dye at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for this news,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that ile giue my voyce on *Richards* side,
To barre my masters heires in true desent,
God knows I will not doe it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious mind.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me to my masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat*. What my Lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing that yet thinkes not one it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to dye my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so it fals out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and so twill doe
With some men else, who thinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do and I haue well deserud it,

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe you so vnprouided?

Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may iest on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these seuerall counsels.

Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest,
VVas it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and supposd their states was sure,

And

And indeede had no cau e,
But yet you see how soone
This sudden scab of rancor
Pray God I say, I proue a n
But come my Lord shall w

Hast. I go: but stay
This day those men you ta

Sta. They for their truth
Then some that haue acc
But come my L. let vs away

Hast. Go you before Ile

Enter Hast

Hast. Well met *Hastings*

Pur. The better that it ple

Hast. I tell thee fellow,
Then when I met thee last
Then was I going prisoner
By the suggestion of the Q
But now I tell thee (kee
This day those enemies ar
And I in better state then e

Pur. God hold it to yo

Hast. Gramercy *Hasting*

He giues

Pur. God saue your *Lo*

Hast. What Sir *Iohn*, y
I am beholding to you for y
Come the next Sabbath, an

Enter B

Buc. How now *Lord Ch*
Your friends at *Pomfret* th
Your Honour hath no strii

Hast. Good faith, and
Those men you talke of, ca
What, go you to the Towe

Buc. I do, but long I sha
I shall returne before your

Hast. Tis like enough f

Buc. And supper too alth

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37